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THE
CONFESSIONS OF CUTHBURT,

A BALLAD.

BUNKER HILL,

A POEM.

MIGRATION,

A POEM.

BY SYDNEY MELMOTH.

BOSTON :
HILLIARD, GRAY, LITTLE, AND WILKINS.

1827. ' '
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DEDICATION
TO
PROFESSOR THALES.

IN listening to the confessions of Cuthburt, we could not but call to mind the advantages which the Jesuits possessed over all other philosophers, in the means afforded them by the discipline of a church which required men to lay open their whole hearts in confession. It was to this insight into the soul, they owed that wonderful sagacity, by means of which, they established and maintained, for a long time, a power over the consciences of men, which, if suffered to extend, might, in a few years, have united all Europe, if not the whole world, under the government of reason.

It has been the fashion to decry the Jesuits and applaud their antagonists : for their religious opinions, they were opposed by the dogmatists : for their latitudinarianism, they were hated by the bigots ; and for their worldly policy, they were feared by courts. They were dangerous to the privileged orders, because, aiming at the universal establishment of their own influence and

power, they struck at the foundation of all other arbitrary governments.

In doing this, however, they taught men to think, and to investigate, and thus, perhaps unintentionally, contributed to enlighten and elevate the sovereign power, *Public Opinion*, to which, subsequently, has been added its legitimate minister, *The Free Press*,—liable to be employed as the agent of tyranny and corruption—of being debased and lowered as the vehicle of little passions—of frivolizing the age by its licentiousness and want of dignity—but when consecrated by patriotism and talents, the guardian of virtue, the promoter of excellence, the patroness of letters and the arts, and the protectress of rights.

How much *the science of mind* has been retarded by the abolition of the order, we can conjecture only from the extension it received under its direction: at least there probably would be no such want of *materials for thinking* as you now lament, and you would not have to solicit your auditors to collect from every quarter, whatever may contribute to the construction of that beautiful and harmonious system, of which you profess to have conceived only the outline.

In accordance with your wishes, we have endeavoured to review the influence of that passion, whose history you

DEDICATION.

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in part accomplished in your Lecture "on the principles of the human mind,"—in this report of the confessions of our devotee. We say, in part; for you professed to be unfurnished from actual experience with a very extensive collection of facts relating to the tender passion—an ignorance very pardonable in a professor of the analytical science, the sedate severity of whose character puts the fair sex so much on their guard, as to render it extremely difficult, by any process of examination, to elicit from them the story of their loves. The graceful reserve, the winning evasion, the seductive frankness, the deceitful confidence—are, to the philosopher, anomalies which no sagacity, time, or abstraction, can reduce, and classify, and arrange under specific principles; while the *badi-nage* with which these are treated by men of the world—wise in their own conceit, yet the greatest dupes to female ingenuity—confounds all the speculations of philosophy, or leads to hypotheses as absurd as ever floated in the head of a visionary.

Your means of knowledge, and of that knowledge which is to be compacted into a system more luminous and satisfactory than any metaphysician ever conceived of accomplishing,—therefore depending on the labors of others, the memoranda of those who have penetrated this wilderness of sweet and bitter—who have winded its in-

tricacies and explored its labyrinths—who have been entangled in its briers, or lacerated by its thorns—or of those who have collected the reports of living travellers, will not be unacceptable.

As you observed, that general principles were to be ascertained only by an extensive survey and severe analysis of human action in detail, and that this detail would be incomplete, unless it comprehend every variety belonging to the class, it was to be feared that ages would elapse before the whole region could be sufficiently explored to afford much assistance in completing the work you meditate.

There are two ways of considering all subjects: the first may be denominated the ancient and intellectual, and the second, modern and mechanical. The first considers the abstraction of its own creation, or the conception of Genius of what is perfection in its kind, and is, in relation to the arts, what is termed the *beau idéal*. The second is inductive, and consists in the accumulation, selection, and disposition of particulars, which talents and taste may mould into forms that may warm the imagination or melt the heart. Genius seeks among the scattered beauties of natural objects for those forms and those colors which may exemplify its own abstract ideas: it finds no entire picture of the image in its own mind, and

is therefore obliged to dip its pencil alternately in the purple of the rainbow and the azure of the midnight sky : its Jupiter, its Venus, its Hercules, is the abstraction of majesty, beauty, strength ; for no Jupiter, Venus, or Hercules, exemplifying all the characteristics of majesty, beauty, or strength, without some abating imperfection from the glorious prototype, was ever presented to the senses of the artist. The qualities or features, however, exist, as though, when their great prototype was broken and scattered, the fragments were arrested by chance, and fixed in the warm and moist clay which had just issued from the workshop of nature in the shapes of human beings. Still the statuary has a more limited range among these scattered beauties, than other artists. He has to create, and to impress upon a block of cold and uniform marble, the form and features—the moral and intellectual character, which his potent genius has created, without deriving any aid from colors, to which the painter is indebted for expression, nor from scenery, which the painter, in common with the poet, makes accessory to his purpose. Such painters find the original of every combination in some object of nature ; they have smiles, and glances, and rosy blushes, and arch looks, and “ glistenings of the speaking eye, and thoughts that in ambush-lashes lie,”—which they catch, and fix,

and reduce into harmonious symmetry—and even the melody of thoughts breathing through lips of eloquent quiescence. To collect these attributes of perfection, which are sprinkled among the human race, and recombine them in one body, so as completely to correspond to the original conception, is what probably never was accomplished, and which Genius itself can approximate only.

What such rare and gifted genius fails to accomplish, is, however, effected in a great degree by talents and industry. These, beginning with particulars, accumulate, classify, and combine, and furnish the moderns with more exact science, and more completeness in arts, than the ancients with all their abstraction ever possessed.

The sentences of our great dramatic philosopher are the result of deep penetration into the principles of the human mind ; and the conduct of each character, through all its processes and circumstances, is a developement and exposition of those principles in action ; hence his dramas may serve, both as the text and the commentary of the philosopher.

But a more extensive supply may be gathered from the vast garden which has been formed by the authors of fictitious narrative. They not only show what is, but what is probable, and what is possible. If their lively

imaginations were always accompanied by minds rendered subtle by metaphysics—judgments philosophically correct—a kind of intuitive tact in detecting the springs, and tracing the ramifications of passion, they would become such faithful delineators of local and general nature, as to enable the philosopher to form a complete chart of the interior man.

And it is to writers of this kind that the philosopher must be indebted for much of that information which his own limited experience denies. To know the extravagance to which an age or a nation may be carried by a phrensied or a fanatical imagination, he must not only accompany the historians of the Crusaders, but he must be transported in the car of Amadis through those mirages of fancy, which converted shadows into enchanted castles, and caused pigmies to loom into arrays of gigantic monsters. If the fictions of a remote age will not satisfy, and if a doubt remains of the eternal tendency of man to the like insanity, he has only to leave the triumphal car of history, and make a pilgrimage on foot over those countries which were paved with the bones of the reformers in religion in what is called an unenlightened age, and through those regions in which the spirit of licentious liberty, obliterating every humane feeling, swept with the hideous yell of triumphant destruction, in

an age when science and letters had obtained an universal dominion ; and, though he may rejoice in the results, he may discern by the distant clouds, that though the storms have subsided, the elements of those storms only repose. He must likewise descend to vulgar and common life. Le Sage and Thomas Hope must introduce him to courts and stews,—to the bureau of the statesman, the casuist, and the author—to the chambers of intrigue—the horrors of prisons and inquisitions—the haunts of thieves and the dens of robbers, in order to teach identity of principles, assuming characteristics corresponding with the varied situation and circumstances of every group, from the monarch who games for empires, to the thief who pillages for hunger. Fielding and Smollet will lead through scenes of profligacy, profusion, and want, and exhibit the various forms which vice assumes, and the modifications which conscience undergoes from the pressure of power, wealth, or popularity, and under the crown of sordid villany ; and Rousseau will expose to him the seductions of sentiment, and the thin partition between the most angelic purity and the most debasing sensuality.

The map of man must be compiled after the manner of the geographer : he cannot traverse and survey every

region of the globe, or attempt to measure and minutely describe every mountain within his own horizon: the caverns of the earth; the sources of rivers; the depths of forests and deserts; the cataracts that separate districts, and the oceans that connect continents; the diversified products of the soil, in one zone minute and stunted as arctic mosses, in another graduated to the purposes of populous civilized society—there spreading out into vast prairies, and oceans of luxuriant meadow in the midst of some Arkansian desert, and here displaying the most splendid and magnificent arborescence under a sky of intolerable ardor, and amidst pestiferous effluvia—all these must escape his scrutiny. But by taking from each traveller his description of what has been surveyed, he is enabled to give to the world a work which not any one could accomplish.

The grave and severe studies of the logician, likewise, will not be the less intense by seeking to illustrate his propositions by living examples, though the subjects of those examples may appear to the uninitiated in metaphysics, as little connected with philosophy, as is the square cap of the academician professor with the science which he teaches.

If any man doubt this, by looking into some modern lectures, he may be satisfied that nothing is too fanciful

or too fantastical to serve as illustrative of an abstract principle ; nay, he may be satisfied, that by *thus* domesticating philosophy, he cultivates the *science of mind*, and establishes a superstructure of morality, as the modern chemist simplifies and improves the *science of life*, by rendering familiar the doctrine of the relations, and the composition and decomposition of bodies. The nice distinctions, the untangible chain of associations, the metaphysical essences—in short, the whole of the intellectual processes, are within the comprehension of minds disciplined to abstraction ; and hence the master-genius has the means and the power of giving to the world a chart of intellect, simple, comprehensible, and authoritative.

The ultimate objects of our inquiry are the principles and motives of conduct, thence to ascertain the healthy state of the mind, and note the causes of its deviation from rectitude ; that with this knowledge, we may be able to correct propensities to evil, and by regulating the appetites, passions, and affections, advance to the higher state of happiness.

Nature puts the child into our hands, but society assumes its education ; and society is a bad master, w^h grown old in peculiar habits, labors to stamp his o

impressions, or consults the growth of intellect without regard to moral improvement.

If phrenology were reduced to a science, its axioms would become the greatest helps to the formation of character; but since external indications are doubtful in their nature, we must proceed to approximate by a studious examination of conduct, thereby to arrive at motives, and thence to the springs of passions and propensities, in order to the successful application of remedies and preventives of excesses which disturb the equilibrium of a sound state.

In doing this, we must dissect the heart, and expose its action, and hence learn the power of those impressions which begin almost in infancy to mould the passions, and which preserve a permanent influence on character through after life.

From a deficiency of this knowledge, a principal object, and what gives the most trouble, in education, is the correction of early impressions, and their consequent propensities and habits—for propensities and habits are fruits of good or bad scions grafted upon the original wild stock.

Cuthburt seems to have been under the influence of some such early impressions, by which his affections took their direction, and acquired a strength beyond his

control. When the first object of his affection was removed, his heart became desolate and sought support, as the vine constantly seeks the espalier to which its tendrils may be united and supported, and which, for want of firm poles, attaches itself to any straw that comes in companionable contact with its fibres.

Early attachments, severe in constancy, are holy from their innocence, and happy in their results : they nourish a spirit of perpetual kindness, and preserve a tender and enviable politeness. They stimulate to the acquisition of knowledge, for, delivered from the feverish anxiety of hope and suspense, they secure a calm and happy frame of mind, and fit it for the reception of higher enjoyments, and for greater moral and intellectual exertion ; and they diffuse around a tone of harmony, that is at once amiable and encouraging. In short, it is a state of happiness which is the most desirable to witness, and which every parent would extend to his children.

If this connexion is disturbed by future avocations, the early impressions are not obliterated, and however discordant may be the occupations of life, the soul constantly breathes in that youth, the blossoms of which, though crushed by time or misfortune, diffuse, as the poet beautifully imagines, their fragrance over after life. To break this early attachment, is so cruel a disappointment that it

throws a man on an uncertain ocean, where he floats and fluctuates, sometimes running into pleasant havens, but always exposed, from a certain carelessness and indifference, to inevitable shipwreck.

The various remarks which Cuthburt makes in the course of his narrative, and which seem as first to be foreign to his purpose, will not appear strange to one who has observed the play of the associating principle. And whether a man's knowledge be derived from books, experience, or observation, the character of his mind will not fail of appearing in the use he makes of his stores.

A mind disciplined to method, will reject every thought that does not strictly appertain to the subject on which he writes or converses. One, on the contrary, who is accustomed to no restraint of discipline, will indiscriminately plunder whatever strikes his fancy—while he glows with a feverish idea, he will see every thing enlightened around him, and within him ; the objects of vision and the stores of memory, in gay confusion, will spring forward and stand out upon his landscape ;—as the painter, when he sits down to picture a scene in nature, is surprised at the sudden bursting out of the forest on fire, by which a new character is given to every object, and his mind is called off, not to contemplate, but to admit impressions, and thus these new and irrelevant images will connect

themselves with the main subject, and by the mere tendency of his mind to yield to every casual association without restraint, he will introduce figures and hues which seem at variance with his original design. Hence we consider these passages as characteristic, though they may seem like those deviations from the "*thread of the story*," which are made by many persons of sane mind in common conversation, and by most persons who have paroxysms of eloquence in an asylum for lunatics. And hence, likewise, we deduce the necessity of early discipline, in order to form that stability of character, which contributes so essentially to individual happiness and public energy.

ADDRESS.

Ye parents who read, do not deem,
The tale we unfold is a dream,
But pause and reflect when began
In you, with the dawning of sense,
Those colors, whose stamp so intense,
Have marked, and still bias the man !

Though form may be varied by art,
Each impulse imbibed in the heart
Is true as the steel to the pole ;
Whatever your voyage or designs,
To the point of attraction inclines
Th' imperishable magnet of soul.

And learn, when reviewing your trust,
To stamp good impressions at first,
With honour and virtue enchased ;
That when the world's furnace is passed,
The figures shall hold their first cast,
Case-hardened, and polished, and graced.



CONFESSIONS OF CUTHBURT,

A BALLAD.

I.

A tender and beautiful maid
In tribute my bosom first laid ;
Seven years in her love passed away,
But o'er the wide sea when I went,
She gave an imperfect consent
To lean on another—a day.

II.

But Love keeps no dial of time,
His calendar is but a rhyme,
You either may whistle or sing ;
An hour, or a day, or a year,
In loving will equal appear,
So rapid and light is his wing.

III.

The maid that has love once enjoyed,
Is pained till she fill up the void—

The bosom that's melting and kind,
Has not in reserve a hard part,
To hold on the anchor of heart—
To drift she seems wholly inclined.

IV.

O how my warm hopes were depressed !
How barren and desert my breast !

Returning, such coldness to meet !
'Twas then that I madly forswore
The wayward fair sex evermore—
But vows and harsh feelings were fleet.

V.

Yet warmed both by anger and pride,
I strove my distraction to hide,

With patience the torture endured—
Oft numbers suspended its rage,
Oft kindness and friendship assuage—
Such wounds may be balsamed, not cured !

VI.

Yet woman alone can dismiss
The clouds that envelope our bliss—
Fair Dorothy blossomed with charms ;
She cunningly guessed my disease,
And roused all her ardor to please,
Till a captive I fell in her arms.

VII.

Full well to her genius was known,
To seize on the vacated throne,
Before had subsided surprise ;
Ere the wound was declining to smart,
Preventing a void in the heart,
By friendship, or love in disguise.

VIII.

In the mist of our sorrows reclined,
We brood with intenseness of mind,
Nor mark how deceivers beset ;
While they on their purpose intent,
With looks of love beamingly bent,
Wind round us the mesh of their net !

IX.

What dangers involve us around,
In action, in look, and in sound,
Where sympathy seems to prevail ?
Where every fine cord is unstrung,
Love's threads that in hazard are flung,
Will cling for support on a rail.

X.

O ! when, to the fair he adored,
Petrarca his verses outpoured,
What feelings his language respire !
Now, souls that respond to his verse,
Have words—icy words—to rehearse,
Till kindles a sensitive fire.

XI.

When breathes from the woman he taught,
Responsive each delicate thought,
Man feels as the poet had felt—
If, filled with emotion, he press
The bard's more emphatical stress,
Reciprocal sympathies melt !—

XII.

But of tones that commingle in air,
O why should our bosoms beware ?
Can sounds by their magic control ?
Can, tranced by a beautiful art,
Sensibility vanquish the heart,
While slumbers the guard of the soul ?—

XIII.

Of harmony know you the power,
In chamber, in hall, or in bower,
When Twilight sits musing around ?—
Though passion is lulled in the breast,
Though all is elysium of rest,
We 're rapt in a spell of sweet sound.

XIV.

Unconscious, the heart that is young
Would start if a feeling had tongue—
Should touch soft emotions express ;—
But rises a blushing of bliss,
From the warmth of expression's first kiss,
When musical lips coalesce.

XV.

If then, on the precipice' edge,
Of friendship, exchanged is the pledge,—
 Though doubtful and fearful the leap,
Though prudence attempt her to bind,
Honor scowls in a tempest behind,
 And frantic she rushes the steep.

XVI.

Fond woman, 'tis often your case ;
A misfortune, but not a disgrace—
 And fatal to passion alone ;—
Young Love is possessed of your heart,
But death bids Petronius depart—
 A pretender slips on to the throne !

XVII.

Oft, love's magic circle unseen,
We spell-tangled follow the queen,
 In a ring that whirls round like a spool,
The motion but quickens desire,
Till wanted no more, we retire,
 And novelty seeks a new fool !

XVIII.

But love into madness can drive
The wisest of mortals alive ;
 And urged to the brink of despair,
He 'll plunge to the ocean below,
Or rush in the midst of the foe,
 As headlong as any blind bear.

XIX.

In Europe they manage it thus :
The fathers put purse against purse,
 And throw the girl in for odd weight ;
It matters but little to frown,
The fullest scale always goes down,
 Regardless of favor or hate.

XX.

Yet she—like some martinet chief,
Whose vision of glory is brief,
 Nor more can of war comprehend,
Than a skirmish, an ambush, a charge,
While of schemes and their issues at large,
 He knows not their progress and end,

XXI.

Grew vacant of every support—
When art was not wanted to court,
Her charming not long could endure ;
This soon she began to suspect,
Attention fell into neglect,
And passion itself brought a cure.

XXII.

But Delia her province supplied ;
So fair—I had made her my bride,
But what she with fear had concealed,
That she had coquetted so much,
Men of sense slid away from her touch,
Her gossiping playmates revealed.

XXIII.

No gem from the mines of Peru,
Such splendid attractions could shew,
As the dignified, auburn-haired Bess ;
O ! she was in beauty and sense,
A prize worth a monarch's expense,
A pearl for a king to possess !

XXIV.

Her songs were of love and a cot,
The shepherd's felicitous lot—
 Recumbent beside a pure stream,
Stretched where a brook murmuring throws
A coolness that lulls to repose,
 How life glides along as a dream !

XXV.

Such rural felicity, ne'er
Made bards to my fancy appear—
 We both seemed entranced with a crook ;
Three weeks was the license to fix,
During which, with a coachee and six,
 Sporting Richard was caught in her hook.

XXVI.

No wonder, when she could so play
Her merry and sweet roundelay,
 Blend truth with such delicate lies,
And artlessly tutor her look,
As though a mist spread o'er her book,
 While sentiment paused on her eyes.

XXVII.

Emotions beginning to swell,
From gay to grave softly she fell,
Then notes most voluptuous succeed ;
Her accents most tremulously told
Of feelings she must not unfold,
The heart, O ! in secret must bleed !

XXVIII.

The soul was delighted to bound
On wave after wave of sweet sound,
Such exquisite touches to hear ;
And when the voice fell to a pause,
Too full was the heart for applause,
While melody dwelt on the ear.

XXIX.

The hours flew away ere you thought,
Yet leaving an image of nought,
A dream that you could not retrace ;
As Southey's etherialized brain
No raptures distinctive retain,
But of *ideas* floating in space.

XXX.

O would such enchantments condense
To tangible objects of sense,
In all their ethereal of hue !
On butterfly-wings we might play,
Uncumbered in every bright ray,
And live in a nectarous dew !

XXXI.

Powers mightier than mine must confess
The witchery of such loveliness—
High monarchs have quitted the throne,
Deep scholars, and warriors though great,
And judges and rulers of state,
Have yielded to fond love alone !

XXXII.

What quarrels for love have been made ?
What kingdoms, and mothers betrayed,
In times more religious than this ?
In duels how many are slain,
From Georgia to ice-loving Maine,
Though certain, possession to miss ?

XXXIII.

Yet wherefore?—no one can assign
A reason much better than mine,
 “ It is of wild passion a squall! ”
As soon as the tempest is o’er,
We wonder we *one* could adore,
 When thousands would come at our call.

XXXIV.

From Rome fifty showy and fine,
All bred in the school of the nine ;
 From Holland ten plump fair and round ;
From Spain of brunettes twenty score,
Castilian blood crossed with the Moor ;
 Of Russ’ a whole tribe by the pound.

XXXV.

By giving the Turks a small sum,
A thousand from Smyrna would come
 Of beautiful Greeks whom they stole,
Who, bringing their fine attic taste,
So sensitive, spiritfui, chaste,
 Would leaven the cold western soul.

XXXVI.


Th' example was known in time past,
Rome gathered from Athens their cast
Of sculptors and painters, and bards ;
But Florence imported the life,
And genius derived from the wife,
Snatched arts from the hungry north-pards.

XXXVII.

The fruits of this Holy Alliance
Were liberty, letters, and science,
Which Alex and Frank would confine,
(Lest knowledge should cause men to see,
And shake fruit divine from the tree,)
To the ice-house of old Catherine !

XXXVIII.

Yet let them devise as they will,
The sap-veins they never can chill,
Though the top to the pressure may bend,
Though the branch they may stake to the pall,
The roots will push under the wall,
And laugh in the desert beyond.



XXXIX.

From the rock of New Plymouth what shoots
Through Europe have scattered their fruits !

In forests o'ershadowed with weeds,
Though severed, like stars they are seen,
With regions of darkness between,
Immortal with heaven-winged seeds !

XL.


On the gales of the south they are borne,
Where the splendors of nature adorn

Rich vales which the Andes o'ershade :
In regions luxuriant and vast,
Elastic with hope they 'll be cast,
Till the Sun from his orbit shall fade !

XLI.

Excuse me—this subject suspends,
All personal sorrow, and bends

The thoughts to the great commonweal,
We fly from the selfish as mean,
And rise to the future unseen,
And but for the universe feel.



XLII.

/ To return, is there one in the land,
That many a month could withstand
That sorceress beaming of eyes,
In concert with musical sound,
Their witchery casting around,
And taking young hearts by surprise ?

XLIII.

The serpent, a look if he darts,
Will fascinate strong-guarded hearts,
Transfix all sensation of power ;
Inclosed in a magical snare,
Like horror, your stony eyes glare,
He, ready to seize and devour !

XLIV.

So woman, secure of her slave,
Her magic hand round him will wave,—
Like Prospero, boldly she cries,
(The coquette accomplished in art,
Her charming rod buries apart,)
“ I rise,” silly mortal, “ I rise.”

XLV.

Such conquests might Moses provoke—
The charm ever after was broke—
Oppressed with a mean self-contempt,
I issue, yet courage regain,
For alone not the weak and the vain,
But the brave are from fraud not exempt.

XLVI.

This triumph o'er full-trusting mind
Suits the wit of half woman-kind ;
From merit they 've nothing to fear,
The profligate only, they dread,
Who meet them with bosoms of lead,
Though flexible, yet insincere !—

XLVII.

A wit that would always be smart,
Is a being without any heart ;
But there are—and of such, not a few,
Whose wit, like a sweet-flowing stream
Reflecting the moon's silver beam,
Throws on things a poetical hue !

XLVIII.

One night—'twas when Cooper first played—
A lady drank all that I said—

Could a churl long resist such attention ?
In converse, unconscious, I slid,
And witlessly opened the lid
Of her brilliant and powerful invention.

XLIX.

What store of gay fancies was there !
Allusions, how various and rare !

Gems gathered from east and from west ;
There poets from Sappho to Moore,
All sparkling in pure Attic ore,
Leaped up at the heave of her breast.

L.

But the case had no pad of silk thread,
A polished flint feathered its bed,
Whence sparks, on collision, would strike—
How dazzling and brilliant the spark !
Yet it stripped the green trees of their bark,
Shot either direct or oblique !

CONFESSIONS

LI.

A form so enchantingly fine,
I was loath in a week to resign ;
 But malice though pungent at first,
Must make every bosom recoil—
A robber that lives upon spoil,
 No man in his senses can trust !

LII.

When a being we almost adored,
From the throne of our bosom is lowered,
 Contempt for the race may pervade ;
Nor scarce by an effort of pain,
A decent composure we gain,
 With pity their errors to shade.

LIII.

No bosom of honor can wear,
The upas-tree blossom, though fair,
 It makes such a desert around !
No merry lark comes with his cheer,
No stock-dove approaches through fear ;
 The stillness of death chills the ground !

LIV.

What joyance and shade from the tree,
Love raised as an arbour for me !

What whispers of heart-branches looped !
As the winds crossed the holy retreat,
With pulses of passion they beat,
And the brook kissed the moon as she stooped.

LV.

But canker the tree that we love,
How dumb are the branches above !
How wither the leaf and the bud !
The bark turns to cinder and dust,
The shrinking veins shrivel with thirst,
The viper-vine drinks the life-blood !

LVI.

The most wonderful creature of all,
Was one scarcely mortal you 'd call ;
Sublimity dwelt in her eye ;
Her magic words, formed to control,
Like lightning-strokes melted the soul ;
You hurried—you could not tell why.

LVII.

She seemed a bright vision of love,
Existing in ether above,
 Yet sloping to meet your embrace ;
To catch but the hem of her robe,
Would lighten your steps on the globe ;
 A rainbow-like softness and grace.

LVIII.

Her words, living pictures of things,
Endowed every object with wings,
 All seemed to be moving in air ;
Th' enchanted spectator was lifted,
Like prophets etherially gifted,
 To greatness celestially fair.

LIX.

Earth, heretofore lovely and green,
Slid past as a subject too mean,
 For minds that went soaring above ;
Disrobed of this mantle of flesh,
All hearts sprung exulting and fresh
 To th' expanse of beneficent love.

LX.

How long this sensation would last,
With no sombre cloud overcast,
 There came not a thought to inquire ;
For who in much haste would alight,
From regions so blissful and bright,
 Or cease mounting higher and higher ?

LXI.

Romantic—she 'd roam quite as far,
As earth's undeclining pole-star,
 To Ind, or Palmyra, or where
The kindred of great William Pitt,
Accounted in Europe a wit,
 Caused Belzoni's mummy to stare.

LXII.

Yes, she would declare and make known,
No splendor that diamonds a throne
 Should tempt by its glittering trash ;
The stars that bedizen the skies
Are common, and never surprise ;
 A comet alone makes a dash.

LXIII.

So warm was my love at first sight,
I rose her adorer that night—
The fire was too strong for my brain—
I dropped from her orbit at noon,
As meteors descend from the moon,
And burst into wrecks on the plain.

LXIV.

And now, free to laugh was my turn,
No longer for woman I burn—
Indifferent I thought to all bliss—
But destiny held me at bay ;
When Chloe, as though she would play,
Breathed on my cold forehead a kiss !—

LXV.

She thought, foolish maid, that I slept,
She knew not the vigils love kept ;
The kiss came so warm from the heart,
And shot an emotion so thrilling,
That feelings so hitherto chilling,
Like clouds of the morning depart.

LXVI.

To church we repaired—half a year,
Her breast was the home of good cheer ;
 But nerves soon are tutored to fashion—
For pomp and for pageants she sighed,
For trinkets and gewgaws she cried,
 And constantly fretted with passion.

LXVII.

Withheld from a play or a rout,
My lady was certain to pout,
 And brush with a negligent air ;
Yet trifling or silly the case,
As conscious of beauty's disgrace,
 She 'd vent her vexations in prayer !

LXVIII.

A life so unequal to pass,
Was to voyage in a vessel of glass,
 In tremor or sleeping or waking !
A calm not secured from the rocks,
A breeze was impendent with shocks,
 And then what a terrible shaking !

LXIX.

Till tired of my house and my home,
Abroad she compelled me to roam,
In search of some comfort elsewhere—
The tavern now proffered its wine ;
Its effects when I came to define,
Might drown but not soften my care.

LXX.

In cards there was high exaltation,
That ended in total vexation ;
A ball, an assembly, a rout,
Though glittering with much that was fair,
Gave no heart to a poor Solitaire,
So, " Sir, you had better step out."

LXXI.

To learning, and genius, and wit,
Delightful it was to submit,
An hour, an evening, a week,—
But then the best charm of the thing
Was homeward such sweetmeats to bring,
To a friend who could pleasantly speak.

LXXII.

A woman not fond of display,
Yet sensible, varied, and gay,
Elastic our thoughts to rebound,
Seems like the warm gushing of spring—
A musical concert on wing—
A breathing of fragrance around—

LXXIII.

How free is her bosom from guile !
Hope lives in her eloquent smile !
How pure and reposing her trust !
How, when the storm rises sublime,
O'er mountain-waves swan-like she'll climb !—
A cloud-scattering planet she'll burst—

LXXIV.

O ! is the heart freezing with care ?
Does hover around us despair ?
Does passion half frantic infest ?
Do storms sweep our treasures away ?
Do sickness and deaths cloud our day ?—
The hush of repose is her breast.

LXXV.

Though she, like the tulip, expand,
The gayest of flowers on the land,
Her heart is a nectarine gem ;
In secret though born to repose,
How wondrously sudden it glows,
When tempests have broken its stem !—

LXXVI.

And say what you will, no repose,
Is taken in holy-day bows ;
The man of the world and the scholar,
Though brimful of genius, confess,
They love to go home and undress,
To breathe in a loose-buttoned collar.

LXXVII.

With most they are under restraint,
Wits aim at the new and the quaint ;
The learned would have much surmised ;
'Tis only when playfully gay,
Without or pretence or display,
Souls mingle with souls undisguised.—

LXXVIII.

A man if he 's rich may escape,
By decrees of a court at the Cape,
But then 'tis a voyage of some danger ;
Old Neptune, in crossing the Line,
Comes aboard with his terrible trine,
And trusses and bastes every stranger.

LXXIX.

So agreeing we went to the State,
Where the judge was allowed to rebate
The law, by which others would cherish
Affections, by keeping in yoke,
Tempers living in discord, unbroke,
Till misery forced them to perish.

LXXX.

But still the first habits of youth,
The love of pure nature and truth,
In a genuine feminine tone,
Gave a cast to each thought and each deed ;
Though the heart was too lofty to bleed,
'Twas desolate, widowed, alone !

LXXXI.

And just as those feelings prevailed,
A widow of thirty assailed,
 With pity of such a sad case ;
She knew to delight and to tease,
She energy blended with ease,
 Benevolence, earnestness, grace.

LXXXII.

Her confidence, who could withstand ?
She carried her heart in her hand,
 As pure, as translucent as snow—
In converse though gay yet refined ;
She 'd passed many troubles of mind,
 Had tasted of pleasure and woe.

LXXXIII.

She had that fine polish and tact,
So artfully artless to act,
 An elegance all must admire,
That made her approach or retreat
So simple, enchanting, and sweet,
 That near you might come, but not nigher.

LXXXIV.

Not less were the charms on Rousseau,
Of the beautiful Comtesse d' Houdetot,
That wonderful woman, who spread,
At eighty, a halo so far,
As dimmed in her sphere every star,
That loved in her circuit to tread.—

LXXXV.

O ! had he but steadily wrought,
On the image first born to his thought,
So fine, so ideal, so chaste !
To the statue too cold for desire,
He had given a breathing of fire—
A creation of feeling and taste !

LXXXVI.

What daring presumption, to blow
The magazined passions below,
That sleep till enkindled by man !
To put dormant courage to proof,
With a burning torch enter the roof,
And bid you escape if you can !

LXXXVII.

But the forms of deluding Rousseau,
With mere mortal passion must glow—
 She drank of his sensitive cup,
The Baroness, who could dilute
And neutralize what was acute,
 That sentiment fearless might sup.

LXXXVIII.

For six weeks she governed at will,
The seventh suspended her skill,
 (Though Staël was her mirror of life,)
The gossips awakened her fear,
Lest friendship should cost her too dear,
 And keep her from being a wife !

LXXXIX.

Celestina then burst from the shade,
A ruddy-ripe paradise maid ;
 A star long obscured by a cloud ;
She moved, and the planets gave place ;
Undefined, yet enchanting her grace ;
 Of her frame mother Nature was proud.

XC.

Her presence would shine from a throne,
As pure as the mulberry cone,
 When feeling abroad with its silk ;
Her soft and her flexible chain,
Would gather, embrace, and sustain,
 Who fed of humanity's milk.

XCI.

Nor less would her light-giving mein,
Show rural felicity's queen—
 At home she seemed born for the farm,
Labor wondered what lightened his task,
And Love had no blessing to ask—
 Her step was an innocent charm !

XCII.

To follow her track was a bliss,
The old and the young would not miss,
 Where all without effort was done ;
'Twas no condescension of state,
To aim to be simple and great,
 But keeping her soul in the sun.

XCIII.

And she to the eye that was dim,
Made visions of glory to swim,
 Chill poverty glow to a smile ;
Though bitter the tears that were shed,
They rainbowed the hearse of the dead ;
 So sorrows her soothings beguile.

XCIV.

Yet for all, let me whisper, that she
Was too much an angel for me—
 Her form, though voluptuous to sense,
In a halo of grace was enshrined,
Every movement so tempered with mind,
 That love was devotion intense.

XCV.

How perfect were statues of art,
If thrilled with the throb of the heart !
 But this is the pulse of desire—
Apollo and Venus who stand,
Creations of genius's hand,
 We never can love, yet admire !

XCVI.

And Burke in his chapter on Taste,
Its essence in feeling has placed—
 There is something so lovely and fresh,
In blue veins meandering that show,
Through banks of rich roses in blow,
 We still must be clinging to flesh.

XCVII.

If wicked sensations are these,
And given on purpose to please,
 O can they affections deprave ?
And can the indulgence of love,
Exclude from the mansions above,
 And sink with despair in the grave ?

XCVIII.

Sweet woman ! it cannot be so !
All nature cries loudly, “ No, no ! ”
 And Bethlehem spreads the glad voice ;
Kind Mary beholds in her son,
The era of comfort begun,
 And bids tender mothers rejoice.

XCIX.

And when infant fingers are felt,
On bosoms maternal, that melt
 With tenderness mixt with alarm,
Such beams from his innocent face !
Such touching smiles mantling with grace !
 Must spirits incarnate disarm.

C.

Hope raises a beautiful mist,
Round the babe the young mother has kissed ;
 O ! break not her charmed repose !
Surmise not a serpent has crept,
Round the heart as it smilingly slept,
 And cankered and poisoned her rose !

CI.

The hey-day of life is too short,
To waste in the doubtings of thought—
 The clouds unexpected arise,
And then with a half-loaded wain,
We escape from the tempest of rain,
 Disappointed—reproaching the skies !

CII.

Two amiable beings—then met,
At once my lorn bosom beset ;
 We seemed like three friends for awhile,
But as we disputed and jested,
A feeling each heart had invested,
 And I fled ere their wit should beguile.

CIII.

Like Swift, lest I found, undesigned,
The comfort of each undermined—
 'Twas death to select either one,
And playing from that unto this,
Might hazard their moments of bliss,
 Or either with grief be undone.

CIV.

Thus having unwittingly acted,
My mind became nearly distracted ;
 But just at that moment of sadness,
Authority sent me to France,
And time, better reason, or chance,
 Thus snatched me from folly and madness !

CV.

So once again cast on the world,
From billow to billow oft hurled,
I wandered I hardly knew where,
But from the experience of past,
I draw this conclusion at last,
That bliss is not lasting, nor rare ;

CVI.

That man must determine to take,
The joys that pure accidents make,
Nor be unto any a slave ;
On nothing to fix his desire,
Beyond a short moment of fire,
For pleasure prepares its own grave ;

CVII.

Though things are but sadly so, so,
Must learn to enjoy as they go ;—
A moment's exalted delight,
Repays for more moments of sorrow,
Present wrongs will be ended tomorrow,
Bright day shall alternate with night.

CVIII.

Perhaps some more change there may be,
Love slides to a warm devotee—

Some Whitfield may fill me with zeal,
And then on a mission I go,
To the amiable isles of Loo Choo !
Or regions which ices conceal.

CIX.

And is there, that man can design,
A calling more truly divine,
A mission that Angels approve,
Than taming the savage and wild,
By Bramins and mystics unspoiled,
And raising to reason and love ?

CX.

And yet when ordained, I may whine
Of wrath and a spirit malign,
Bawl daily and oft out of season ;
In battle for mysteries rage,
With the zeal of a former dark age,
Regardless of more advanced reason.

CXI.

For who of the future can chalk
A line upon which he will walk ?
Some apple may tempt him aside ;
There passion may lead with a thread,
There vanity whiff him ahead,
Here cross him or weakness or pride !

BUNKER HILL.

A POEM.

WITH A DESCRIPTION OF THAT HILL.



NOTICE.

BUNKER HILL is situate on a peninsula formed by the rivers Charles and Mystic. The first separates the peninsula, at the distance of about half a mile from Boston, and covers the whole southern side of Charlestown; the second separates it from Chelsea on the north at about the same distance. An isthmus of a quarter of a mile in length, and almost level with the tide, unites this peninsula with the mainland towards Cambridge and Medford. To convey some idea of its shape to those who have not seen it, it may be resembled to the section of a pear, cut longitudinally, the stem or stalk of which may be the neck, the butt end, the point running into the harbor of Boston and terminating where the United States Navy-Yard is now established; the sides of the whole depressed to the water's edge, and the centre rising thence into a range of convex hills, extending nearly the whole length of the peninsula, and which cover, on the north and east, that part on which the public and private edifices were erected in Charlestown.

On the hill nearest to this point, the Americans erected breast-works on the morning of the seventeenth of June, 1775. On the Boston side of the river, and directly opposite the works was Copps Hill, a very commanding eminence, on which the British had stationed some artillery ; ships of war were anchored in the river, and a large fleet rode in the harbor of Boston, within sight, and some within gun-shot, of the American entrenchment. As soon as the works on Bunker Hill were discovered, the fort on Copps Hill, and the ships nearest, commenced a brisk cannonade, and troops, under the command of several generals, crossed the river, and landing under cover of the guns of the ships, commenced an attack in front, while a detachment effected a landing on the north side on Mystic river, intending to ascend the hill in the rear or on the flank of the Americans, and cut off their retreat, while the boats kept up a raking fire across the isthmus to prevent the march of reinforcements. In the mean time the buildings of Charlestown were set on fire, and being composed of wood, involved in smoke, and partly screened the troops which were ascending in front of the fortification.

Bunker Hill is so elevated, that from its summit a spectator may enjoy one of the most extensive and picturesque views : on the north and west, a hilly and woody

country : on the south, at the distance of ten miles, the lofty and undulating range of the Blue Hills in Milton ; embosoming a richly cultivated semicircle, diversified with plains, and streams and sheets of water ; broken by elevations of unequal heights, and adorned with gardens, farmhouses, and elegant mansions ; the whole converging to the central position of Boston, of itself a beautiful picture in the landscape. The lands of Dorchester sweep round the south front of Boston, and those of Chelsea round the northeast, both stretching into the Atlantic, terminating on the south at Hull, and on the northeast at Nahant. Those two points, at about nine miles distance from each other, form the horns of an immense bason on the east of Boston and Charlestown, enclosing a number of beautiful islands, and an outward and inward harbor, of great depth and breadth. Beyond this, as far as the power of vision extends, the ocean is seen without interruption.


The battle of Bunker Hill was of more importance in its remote consequences, than in its immediate result. The American militia, raw, badly armed, and undisciplined, were driven from the field by a more numerous body of well appointed veterans, under the command of experienced officers ; yet the British gained the victory at a greater expense of lives, considering the number

engaged, than had been before witnessed. The Americans, from this trial of strength and skill, acquired an universal confidence of their power successfully to resist and expel the enemy.

ARGUMENT.

THE scene of the following poem is Bunker Hill. An old man, a veteran who fought on the seventeenth of June, 1775, accompanied by a youth, on the fiftieth anniversary, ascends the hill to be present at the laying of the foundation of a monument which is about to be erected in commemoration of the battle. The youth, fearing that the octogenarian will be exhausted by fatigue, or overcome by vivid recollections, proposes to him to retire from this scene of popular festivity and noise. The old man, animated to unusual energy, turns with some asperity, and declares that the very last desire of his heart is about to be accomplished in the consecration of this place. Glowing with the prospect around him, and contrasting it with that at the commencement of the revolution, he demands what would now be the state of things, if the Americans had failed to establish their independence. He then, under the pressure of strong emotions, sometimes in broken sentences, rapidly enumerates some of the circumstances which provoked resistance to the mother country, and pointing to the

several places, notices the events of the war in their vicinity, the final success of the American arms, and the consequent happiness we now enjoy. Recollecting the fondness with which some people cherish every relic of ancient date, he reverts to Sir Walter Raleigh and the young Pocahontas, laments that men of one common origin should indulge a spirit of hostility, and admonishes the youth, that the liberty we now enjoy can be preserved from the grasp of tyranny only by cherishing those virtues which are hostile to its exercise, as well as hateful in the eyes of despotism from the superiority of their lustre.



BUNKER HILL.

A POEM.

He looked—
Ocean and Earth, the solid frame of Earth,
And Ocean's liquid mass, beneath him lay
In gladness and deep joy—

—his spirit drank
The spectacle; sensation, soul, and form
All melted in him.


Wordsworth.

(HARK ! around the world's employ
Seems but laughter, sport, and joy !
How they shout, they leap, they haste,
Care from every brow is chased !)

“ If thy cheek no falsehood tells,
With their joy, thy bosom swells ;
Emanations from thine eye
Flash with glowing radiancy ;
On thy quivering lips a feeling
Silent seems to Heaven appealing.

What do hoary locks here seek ?
Why ascend this lofty peak ?
Age, on level plains, and still
Sloping bank, or sunny hill,
Where the lambs are wont to bleat,
Loves to rest—a mild retreat !
Age must all excess forbear,
Joy, tumultuous joy, or care ;
Age must not forget to live,
By the rules he loves to give ;
Not a cloud must come to mar
His illustrious evening star.

“ With the sparkling ruby bring
Water from the crystal spring,
Lest, inflamed, the nerves expire,
Kindled by the rarer fire ;
Lest like Bacchanals we rave
At the hero's solemn grave ;
Youth has many a bumper quaffed,
Age forbears so deep a draught ;
Memory's tide too strong may rush,
Hearts may bleed, or tears may gush ;
Let me lead thee back, or rest
On my yet unpanting breast ;



BUNKER HILL.

'Twas a tedious burning road
 To the hero's last abode,
 In meridian summer's glow
 'Twas a journey long and slow ;
 Something noble must impart
 Vigor to thy aged heart,
 Thus in weary thirst and heat
 O'er this burning soil to beat,
 While thy joints are stiff with age ;
 Whence, O whence, this noble rage ? "

First I 'll taste the sparkling wine
 Odorous years, that once were mine !
 Brimming cups I once partook—
 Long, O long, the crystal brook,
 Wholesome beverage, nature's boon,
 Fed the wants of manhood's noon,
 But when night is hovering near,
 No delirious draught I fear ;
 Once again my limbs emerge,
 Though not now the chase to urge ;
 Once again my veins shall swell,
 Glorious nectar ! then farewell—
 Every grinding pain abates,
 Every breathing pore dilates ;

Such a draught, on such a day,
Gives the heart ethereal play !
This auspicious day when passed,
Worlds, for me, have breathed the last !
Here I freedom's hopes fulfil,
And consecrate this Bunker Hill !

Think you, boy, when darkest night,
Hovered o'er this noble height,
Dark, with slavery's iron wing,
Poising on the prey to spring,
When thick gloom and horror scowled,
When the wolves around us prowled,
Then for God and holy fanes,
Tombs, our fathers' dear remains,
Wives, and babes, and flocks, and farms,
Heartfelt homes, and sacred charms,
Breathed not energy divine,
Through our patriarchal line ?
Could, with sparks of heavenly fire,
Men from trampling foes retire ?
No—it was a fearful day,
Poured the sky its fiercest ray,
Thirst and hunger sharper grew,
As the bullets round us flew ;—

Battle raged—they sleep in dust,
Who the falchion wielded first,
Suns ne'er saw a holier fight—
Triumph perched upon our flight—
Few remain, a feeble troop,
Few compelled by age to stoop ;
Not extinct their fire—it glows
Underneath this age of snows !

While in meads the grass shall grow,
While or hail or feathered snow
Annual tribute down shall bring,
Screening fruits from frosts of spring,
Swelling roots and feeding grain,
Storing summer's tepid rain ;
While pursue the darkened west
Suns, o'er ocean's placid breast
Spreading, glorious in their way,
Broad, expansive, flooding day ;
While the sea plays round yon isle ;
While those vales with culture smile ;
O'er yon rocks and hills of gray,
While swallows cut their liquid way ;
While the moon in stillness heaves
Pensive beams through chequered leaves ;

BUNKER HILL.

On yon beach while ocean rears,
Rock the shelves, and jar the shores ;
On yon beetling cliff while dew
Hangs her gems of morning hue ;
While the rippling waters laugh,
At the rainbow's varied scarf,
O'er their clifted bosoms thrown,
A radiant, joyous, holy zone—
Patriots yearly shall respire
On this hill their father's fire !

Cast thy look around, and say,
Would have shown so bright a day,
Had not freedom's glorious star,
Waded through the clouds of war ?
Look—and has the sun e'er shown
Richer fields than freemen own ?
Then let conjuring fancy raise,
Images of former days—
Say, if seeing back so far,
What they would be—what they are ?
Memory !—why thus throbs my heart ?
Why unwonted tears thus start ?
Thoughts of blooming girls undone !
Boys, mean slaves in Babylon !—

I dreamed this heart, this hand, this head,
To feel, to act, to think, too dead !

From those jutting points a chain²
Stretched across yon spacious main ;
Barred from native rights, the sail
Lost the freshening buoyant gale ;
To the blue expanse, no crash
Of pilot-helm was heard to dash ;
Ships with homeward prow forbore
Tilting near their iron shore ;
Navies, foreign navies, there
Robbed the fisher of his fare ;
Not an oar could move the skiff,
Not a foot could thread the cliff ;
From those beauteous islands fled
Masters with the hoary head ;
Thence th' affrighted matron flies,
Hills ! how echoed you her cries !
Pierced the murmur-loaded air
Shrieks of terror and despair !
Urged in lonely wilds to hide
Babes, their holy mother's pride,
While her angry sons, in arms,
Claim their patrimonial farms,

Which ere long the hostile train,
Parcel out, a rich domain,
Where like serfs the youth must thrash,
Underneath a foreign lash,
Forced their youthful blood to spill,
Stanchless, at a master's will.

Gloom was on Wachusett's brow, ³
Song was silent at the mow ;
'Midst the sobs of fear and wail,
Weakly fell the barley-flail ;
Lingering cheerless at their toll,
Farmers viewed the doubtful soil,
Pondering, as they ploughed the steep,
Who the harvest-crop would reap ;
O'er the cinders as they burned,
Eye to eye, unwonted, turned,
Yet each anxious heart repressed
Sighs, that other hearts distressed.

There, around that vernal slope,
Where those doors of bounty ope,
'Midst the rush of fire and smoke,
Mothers with their babes awoke ;
Where now float those streamers gay,

House and church in ashes lay ;
Save yon causeway's ancient mill,
By the cove, resounding still,
Through that valley's level space,
Hall nor house no eye could trace,
All, the vengeful flames subdued !—
One deserted solitude !

There were chests of antique mould, ⁴
Crusted with Eliza's gold ;
Every rich resplendent nail,
Spoke some fond tradition's tale,
Waked some home delicious scene,
Horton shade and Avon green !
Bees thus, swarming, keep alive
A yearning for the mother-hive !


Hence had many a curious seer
Charactered the buried year ;
There romantic Raleigh drew,
Fresh, as first in virgin hue,
Various, and so nicely blent,
Fancy stooped to breathe the scent,
Indian leaves of viny green,
Twined with Kentish hops between,

BUNKER HILL.

Imbowering all his Sydney sung
Of sweet Arcadian groves among.

There the curious artist drew
Trees of every various hue,
Whence the playful zephyr showers
Fragrant dews and balmy flowers,
Which the senses so regale,
Mountain birds that, as they sail
In the air's supremest height,
Downward slope their easier flight,
And half delirious with the scent,
Feel their ferociousness relent.

In the wild magnolia's shade,
Savage councils stood portrayed ;
Feathered chiefs, with lips suppressed,
Terror brooding in their breast,
While the priest, by seasons bent,
With heaving breast and looks intent,
Scanned those oracles which old
Prophetic sages failed t' unfold,
Pondering now in doubt and fear,
If time had brought the doomful year !




There, that native bud was seen,
Pocahontas, virtue's queen ; 5
She, heaven-prompted, tiptoe stood,
In Virginia's underwood,
And with sacred impulse threw
Charms around the stranger crew,
Who with bold adventurous oar,
Touched where bark ne'er touched before ;
They, without her guardian aid,
In obscurity had been laid ;
Glory's star had never shed
Rays on wild Potomac's bed ;
The star that o'er the world must shine,
From Vernon's mount, with light divine !

On these relics, fresh and clear,
Shaggy forms of chiefs appear.

Bucklers won on Gallic fields,
Painted bows and battered shields,
Showery arrows thick as hail,
Bristling in the coats of mail,
Which, where deep indentures shade,
Oft had felt the Spanish blade ;

Pilgrim heir-looms—here they stood,
Memoirs of the great and good !
Fine connecting cords, that never,
Though suspended, time can sever,
Linked to English hearts that spent
Blood, to keep unconquered Kent,
Who performed thy glorious deed,
Immortal field of Runnemedede !
Crowned with oaken boughs who tore
Tyrant bands, and homeward bore
(Which the Briton still delights,)
The Magna Charta of his rights!—
Reverend yet they might be viewed,—
What can savage rage elude ?—
Children of one common Sire,
Why, O why this vengeful fire !
Inheritors of freedom's flame,
Could we bow our necks to shame ?
Better prodigal of gore,
To fight our Cressy battles o'er !
Why with blasting acts efface,
The social virtues of the race ?
Genial sympathy should twine
Hearts not recreant to her line.



Yon fair City, hushed in dread,
Heard the soldier's jealous tread ;
Through the casement's rigid bar,
Smiled to them no evening star ;
Steps by charity untrod,
Gangrened with the mossy sod.
Hark—how sweetly soft and clear,
Sounds come floating on the ear !—
Sweet their notes—I love them well,
Melting lapse !—melodious swell !—
Then as weighed with leaden tongue,
Mute, as though by death unstrung,
Christ-Church bells forbore to peal
Their beauteous chant of holy zeal,
Round the country hills to heave
Cheerful notes on Christmas eve,
To the new year bid “ good morn,”
As the old to sleep had gone ;
Boding silence took the place,
Of choral hymned salvation's grace ;
Prostrate altars, holy roofs,
Desecrate the iron hoofs ;
Desolate and sad in vain,
Sought we Heaven's deserted fane !

At those schools of infant lore,
Warriors barricade the door,
Stern, vindictive, armoured men
Charge with plots the scrawling pen ;
Not a boy his whistle blew,
Not a kite suspicious flew,
Where the hoop was idly hung,
There the skate remained unstrung ;
In the foot-ball—power unseen—
Lurked young treason's magazine !
Looks askant and breath drawn in,
Sullen, moody, stern, and grim,
Lips that glowed with angry flush,
Rage that scarce suppressed its gush,
Grinding teeth and scowling eye,
Marked the men who hurried by,
Muttering, sideways as they went,
Mutual murmuring discontent,
Prudence scarce could wait the time,
When outrage purged revenge of crime !⁶

There behold, in vapor dim,
Laughing boys around that swim
Yonder point—a withered tree,
Frowns upon the breaking sea ;

There, her lovely form to hide,
Ledged the gallant sailor's bride,—
Wanton, from the barges sped
Fate—she lies among the dead!—
He, a brave and manly youth,
A tearful moment gave to Ruth,
Then, with all a lover's fire,
Rushed amidst the battle's ire;
Many a gallant head laid low,
To revenge the wanton blow;
Not, Pitcairn, thy friendly breast⁷
Could th' avenging ball arrest,
Though the best beloved of those,
Who from duty fought as foes!
Thou, lone stranger, too must shed⁸
Tears o'er Dutton's gory bed,
Thou, of gentle kind, who pressed
Comfort on the throbbing breast!
Rochford in his child's return,
Now must meet thy husband's urn!


Where yon gallant navy rides,
Peaceful flowed the sister tides,
Since had ceased the Huron's yell—
There the strife was deadly fell,

Brother's mixed with brother's blood
Crimsoned Charles's wondering flood !

Boy, could I with vivid tint,
Scenes of horror deeply print,
Wrongs, and doubts, and hopes, and fears,
Hopes of youth, and doubts of years,
Now would painful sufferings chill,
Now would flames of vengeance fill
Thy ingenuous heart—but weep,
For generous men who fought—and sleep !
Fought—and lo ! the day is won ;
Beams again a genial sun,
Laughing peace unlocks the soil,
Smiling plenty crowns our toil,
Trees, and fields, and groves revive,
Barren mountains seem alive.

Heights of hard relentless brow,
Clasp the iron-breasted plough ;
First of Earth's exploring lakes,
There triumphant Erie breaks,
Wild with new delight, amain
Rushing with her woodland train,
Down the steeps which ocean bound ;

His old hereditary round.
Seas with liberal prows are fraught,
Sails are swelled with winds unbought ;
Meadows, ravished from the tide,
Laugh the sloping hills beside ;
Shaded, near the yellow maize,
Battened flocks recumbent gaze,
As the western breezes walk
O'er the lily's hooded stalk,
Softening summer's ardent beam
With the scented water's steam ;
While in some sequestered seat,
The wild brook warbling at their feet,
Age and Youth, released from care,
Cheerly taste the rustic fare,
Which, in baskets willow-wove,
Girls have plucked from hill and grove,
Berries, luscious, juicy, red,
And on turf-built tables spread ;
There are bridal revels held,
There are mystic legends spelled,
Stirring tales of olden times,
Simply wrought in ballad rhymes ;
And beneath the chesnut shade,
Vows of constant love are made.



Fathers, mothers, there behold,
What exceeds an age of gold,
Happy hearts, with nought to dread,
Freedom's banners o'er them spread ;
Lovely, innocent, content,
With means unsullied and unspent ;
These be yours to life's decline,
The end obtained, is only mine !
Youth and manhood, though worn out,
Leave of freedom now no doubt—
But remember, boy, no slave,
E'er is happy, good, or brave !
Life itself no charm retains,
Save where freedom all sustains ;
Bonded nations always hate
Freedom in a rival state,
Yet the despot only delves
Nations that debase themselves.

NOTES.

NOTE 1. p. 67.

An account of this celebration is given at the end of these Notes.

NOTE 2. p. 73.


From those jutting points a chain.

The famous act of the British Parliament, called the *Boston Port Bill*, excluding all commerce from Boston, while it reduced the inhabitants to great distress, aroused a generous spirit of patriotism, excited the sympathy of strangers, and quickened, if it did not give existence to a general feeling of one common interest, through the whole country.

NOTE 3. p. 74.

Gloom was on Wachusett's brow.

The gloomy apprehensions of the country were not removed, till foreign alliance gave hopes that the colonists would not be left to fight single-handed with the most powerful and warlike nation of Europe. The peace



of 1783 however, though a more glorious event, was not hailed with such enthusiastic expressions of joy as the peace effected by the treaty of Ghent. Accustomed to privations, or rather being habituated to great simplicity in dress and subsistence, with the exception of the inhabitants of sea-ports, the people of New England were less sensible of personal distress, during a seven years' war, than they were during the war of 1812. Before Independence, commerce was restricted, enterprise discouraged, and industry cramped. After the establishment of the Constitution, the expansion of individual energies, under the protection of a regular government, effected, in a few years, an almost entire change in the circumstances of the people; and the French Revolution, by diminishing the commerce and encreasing the wants of Europe, gave full scope to the spirit of enterprise for which they have always been remarkable. Hence, previously to this war of 1812, the country had enjoyed unexampled prosperity; an enterprising spirit had extended the settlement of the wilderness; commerce had explored every region of the globe, and demanded new and abundant commodities to load its vessels and to exchange for the conveniences and luxuries they brought home; manufactures were beginning to be established by that excess of wealth which commerce had produced; hands were wanted to labor in new employments, and thousands were tempted by the reward of high wages, to exert a strength and an ingenuity, which had scarcely been wanted in the humble occupations of domestic life; the style of dress, and of living became

essentially changed ; and a comparative luxury was universally prevalent The prohibitory system which the government thought best to adopt, and the war of 1812, not only checked this prosperity, but produced great and extensive embarrassment. When the peace of 1783 was announced, the people therefore, not having fallen from any high enjoyment of wealth and comfort, were less exhilarated, than when the peace of 1815, so universally and imperiously desired, promised a restoration of that prosperity, which, if not wholly lost, had been suspended.

NOTE 4. p. 75.

There were chests of antique mould.

Such was the feeling of attachment to the mother country, that the endearing appellation of *home*, was universally applied to England by the colonists. When a vessel or person departed from New England, it was said "to be going home." Many pieces of furniture were held in high estimation by the possessor, for no other reason, than that they were precious memorials of those ancestors who exchanged the habitations, the plenty, and the comforts of England, for the dreary and fearful wilderness of America. In many families, some rich and highly ornamented articles are still preserved. Sir. Walter Raleigh provided the means of gratifying the curiosity of the public, by sending out persons qualified to make drawings of every thing new and curious, and to note the manners of the natives. Their drawings and paintings were copied by the most skilful artists of that day. The pencil, the chissel, and graver, were employed

to portray the novelties which the voyagers to the new world brought home. The figures on one article, a massy cabinet, were supposed to be sketched by Sir Walter himself. On this were depicted the spreading heads of new forest trees, among which the evergreen Magnolia, whose flowers perfume the wood for a long time, was conspicuous; a bald eagle towering over a stupenduous mountain and on an island overshadowed by woods, an assembly of savages, supposed to be the council of Powhatan and his chiefs, while the head of an Indian girl is dimly seen in the back-ground, she intently listening to that plan, by the exposure of which to Smith, the whole colony of the English were saved from destruction.

Sir Walter's patent was in 1585; from this time till the time of his death, thirty-three years, he watched over his infant colony.

NOTE 5. p. 77.

Pocahontas, virtue's queen.

The interference of Pocahontas, so providential in the preservation of Smith, and of the infant colony of Virginia, is one of the most interesting events in the history of that country. Smith himself is a hero of romance, full of the spirit of chivalry, and abundant in resources for the most hardy enterprises, and perilous situations; Pocahontas is a being that touches us by the tenderness and amiability of her character. We admire the astonishing dexterity, sagacity, fortitude, and courage of the man, we love the gentleness, simplicity, humanity, and native dignity of the woman. In reading the most

powerful fiction, however deeply we may be moved at first, the consciousness of its being a fiction, conjured up by the fancy of the author, soon removes every association by which it engaged our sympathy in the perusal. The circumstances in which the adventurers were placed, the sufferings they endured, the hostility of the Indians, the captivity of Smith their chief, the council of the savages to determine his and the colony's fate; the order of Powhatan the King, to prepare the altar of stone, on which his head was to be battered; and the sudden movement of a girl of sixteen, and the daughter of that king who sternly presided over the sacrifice, springing forward and placing her head under the weight that was raised to crush that of Smith, in order to save, or die with him, are incidents that permanently excite the sympathy of human nature. For a lover, youthful sensibility makes great, and often rash sacrifices; but between so old a man as Smith and the infant Pocahontas no such congeniality of affections appear to, or could have existed. She seems, at this moment, to have been inspired.

It may not be superfluous to select from Smith's narrative, some particulars of her story, and the letter by which he introduced her to the Queen of England.

The General History of Virginia &c. from 1584, to 1626. By John Smith. Printed, 1627.

Smith being taken prisoner by the Indians,—“ they brought him to Meronocomoco, where was Powhatan their Emperor. Here more than 200 of those grim courtiers stood wondering at him, as if he had been a

monster, till Powhatan and his trayne had put themselves in their greatest braveries. Before a fire upon a seat like a bedstead, he sat covered with a great robe made of Rarowcun skins and all the tails hanging by. On either hand did sit a young wench of 16 or 18 years, and along on each side of the house, two rows of men, and behind them as many women, with all their heads and shoulders painted red ; many of their heads bedecked with the white down of birds ; but every one with something : and a great chain of white beads about their necks. At his entrance before the King, all the people gave a great shout. The Queen Appamatuck was appointed to bring him water to wash his hands, and another brought him a bunch of feathers, instead of a towell to dry them ; having feasted him after their best barbarous manner they could, a long consultation was held, but the conclusion was, two great stones were brought before Powhatan : then as many as could, laid hands on him, dragged him to them, and thereon laid his head, and being ready with their clubs, to beat out his brains, *Pocahontas*, the King's dearest daughter, when no mercy could prevail, got his head in her arms, and laid her own upon his to save him from death : whereupon the Emperor was contented he should live," and he was sent back to James Town.


"Now every once in four or five days, *Pocahontas* with her attendants brought him (at James Town) so much provision, that saved many of their lives, that else for all this had starved with hunger."

Powhatan, intending to surprise and kill Smith and his company—" *Pocahontas*, his dearest jewel and daughter,

in that dark night came through the irksome woods, and told our captain *great cheare should be sent us by and by, but Powhatan and all the power he could make would after after come kill us all, if they that brought it could not kill us with our own weapons when we were at supper ; therefore, if we would live, she wished us presently to be gone.* Such things as she delighted in, he would have given her, but with the tears running down her cheeks, she said she durst not be seen to have any, for if Powhatan should know it, she were but dead and so she ran away by herself as she came."

Capt. Smith in his petition to her Majesty Queen Anne in behalf of Pocahontas, June 1616, says, "that about 10 years ago, being in Virginia, and taken prisoner by the King Powhatan, I received from this great savage exceeding great courtesie, especially from his son Nantaquaus, the manliest, comeliest, boldest spirit I ever saw in a savage ; and his sister Pocahontas, the King's most dear and well beloved daughter, being but a child of 12 or 13 years of age, who compassionate pitiful hears of my desperate estate, gave me much cause to respect her. I being the first christian this proud King and his grim attendants ever saw, and thus enthralled in their barbarous power, I cannot say I felt the least occasion of want, that was in the power of those my mortal foes to prevent, notwithstanding all their threats. After some six weeks fattening among those savage courtiers, at the minute of my execution, she hazarded the beating out of her own brains to save mine, and not only that, but so prevailed with her father, that I was safely conducted to James

Town, where I found about thirty-eight miserable poor and sick creatures to keep possession of all those large territories of Virginia. Such was the weakness of this poor commonwealth, as had not the savages fed us, we directly had starved. And this relief was commonly brought us by this Lady Pocahontas ; notwithstanding all those passages, when unconstant fortune turned our peace to war, this tender virgin would still not spare to dare to visit us, and by her our jars have been often appeased, and our wants still supplied. Were it the policy of her father thus to employ her, or the ordinance of God thus to make her his instrument, or her extraordinary affection to our nation, I know not : but of this I am sure, when her father, with the utmost of his policy and power, sought to surprise me, having but eighteen with me, the dark night would not affright her from coming through the irksome woods, and with watered eyes, give me intelligence, with her best advice to escape his fury, which had he known, he had surely slain her. James Town, with her wild train, she as freely frequented as her father's habitation, and during the time of two or three years, she, next under God, was still the instrument to preserve this colony from death, famine, and utter confusion, which if, in those times had once been dissolved, Virginia might have lain as it was at our first arrival, till this day. Since then, this business having been turned and varied by many accidents from what I left it, it is most certain, after a long and troublesome war since my departure, betwixt her father and our colony, all which time she was not heard of, about two years after



she herself was taken prisoner, being so detained near two years longer, the colony by that means was relieved, peace concluded, and at last, rejecting her barbarous condition, she was married to an English gentleman, with whom she is at this present in England; the first christian ever of that nation: the first Virginian that ever spake English, or had a child in marriage by an Englishman.”

Beverly. 1720.

NOTE 6. p. 80.

When outrage purged revenge of crime !

It is, unhappily, in the power of one or a few individuals to generate the rancor of personal hostility towards the whole of the army to which they belong. A few officers, notorious for a malignant and quarrelsome disposition, involved the whole corps of the troops stationed in Boston, in one general denunciation. Scarcely a night passed without producing some cause of hatred. Personal insult roused the indignation of the individual, and affected the public tranquillity. There were many grateful exceptions. Many officers, especially such as had families with them, lived on terms of friendship and intimacy with the citizens.

NOTE 7. p. 81.

Not, Pitcairn, thy friendly breast.

Major Pitcairn was much beloved by those inhabitants with whom he became acquainted, and they were many. Indeed, his was one of those ingenuous hearts, with which it is almost impossible not to meet with brotherly

kindness. After the peace, his remains were removed to his native shore at the desire of his brother Dr. Pitcairn of London.

NOTE 8. p. 81.

Thou, lorn stranger, too must shed.

The wife of Lieutenant Dutton of the thirty-eighth, daughter of the Earl of Rochford, secretary to the Home Department, occupied a house adjoining the mansion of one of the most accomplished scholars and divines of Boston. She was as much admired for her intellectual accomplishments as she was beloved for the sweetness of her disposition, the elegance and gentleness of her manners, and the unostentatious piety of her heart. During the engagement on Bunker-hill, the wives of several officers who had fallen, repaired to her house for sympathy and consolation. She sent for her neighbour Dr. **** with whose family an acquaintance had been formed, imploring his assistance in composing her disconsolate friends. She had received a billet from her husband, assuring her of his safety, but while the Doctor and she were offering the consolations of religion to the mournful group, information was brought, that while her husband was resting, and taking refreshments on the skirts of the camp, a random shot from a retreating party deprived him of life.

For an account of the Celebration on the 17th of June, 1825, mentioned in Note 1, the reader is referred to the *Columbian Centinel*, edited by B. Russell, Esq. of the succeeding day.

MIGRATION.

A POEM.

**ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY REMOVING TO THE
WESTERN COUNTRY.**



ARGUMENT.

A YOUNG lady, educated in the polished society of the capital, being about to remove into the remote region of the West, is supposed to relinquish the pleasures of the city with great reluctance. She is therefore reminded that many objects which now give her delight, will be equally charming in the country ; that she who delighted to walk or stand on the rocks of Nahant or Cohasset, when the moon, rising in full splendor, slanted her beams through the clear ocean, and planted her columned rays at her feet, and the stars lay at the bottom of a glassy sea, will see the same splendid orb lighting up a scene, in the dense woods, equally magnificent and delightful, and feeding the fancy with as many sights and shows as ever she did at the ocean's side. She is then informed of the manner in which her pilgrim ancestors had before penetrated the wilderness, of the motives which induced them [to emigrate, and of the course of the spies sent out to find a tract on which they might permanently settle. The course of the spies through the western part of New York to Niagara—their arrival

at one of the most beautiful lakes—its exclusive occupation by the Indians—their return—taking a new direction—passing towards the White-hills—arrival at Connecticut river—formation of the soil—and return—are then noticed. The removal of the congregation then follows—their passage—arrival and possession succeed—the employment of the first settlers—advancement from log-huts to substantial mansions, gardens, taste and elegance—enumeration of pleasures lost—of those gained—and succeeding happiness.

MIGRATION.

A POEM.

——From yon crag,
Down whose steep sides we dropped into the vale,
We heard the hymn they sang.——

——Many precious rites
And customs of our rural ancestry
Are gone, or stealing from us ; this, I hope,
Will last for ever.

Wordsworth.

DEAR Nancy, while you westward go,
Approximating realms of snow,
What is the blessing you suppose,
That round the rugged mountain grows ?

Do you, dear girl, expect to meet
A gallant beau in every street ;
At midnight balls, with pliant limb,
In courtly dance to lightly swim,
While sighing youths devoutly raise,
Exstatic murmurings of praise ;

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Loll at luxurious treats, a guest,
Where robes of woven-wind invest
The soft voluptuous virgin breast?—
No—to these things of magic spell,
That oft the female bosom swell,
You bid—O can you bid—farewell!

Despair not yet in time to trace,
Amidst the country's roughest face,
Some things as rapturous to the mind,
As those reluctantly resigned.

Though charmed to catch the morning's slant
Of golden beam on wild Nahant,
Where never, with a barbed hook,
A chief the silver fishes took;
In fabled times, with vision keen,
Where bards old ocean's nymphs had seen,
Sporting amid the coral rocks,
With sandals gemmed and braided locks,
And bracelets in a pearly twist,
Clasping an alabaster wrist;
Who oft on star-paved beds recline,
Listening to the strains divine,

That warbling from the sea-god's shell,
With graver music rose and fell,
That from o'erhanging cliffs rebound,
While every billow throws the sound
In mellow tones and measured pause,
That home each green-eyed sister draws,
The water nymphs in ease and sport,
Who held their visionary court,
While Triton on the topmost steep,
His orient vigils loved to keep,
The old traditioned bark to hail,
That up th' horizon soon must sail,
And, with her starry flag unfurled,
To claim this hidden western world !
And though no fabling time is here,
And bards must stoop to truth severe,
And Fancy's fine romantic strain,
Of love and old Arcadia's plain,
And all that filled a Spenser's song,
And all to fictions that belong,
And all in dreams that were disclosed,
Of faery beings, or supposed,
Who no material image wore,
Yet with immortal mind could soar ;

And scenes created just and true,
Yet far beyond this mortal view,
Even such as inspiration's light
Opes to the prophet's keener sight,—
All these, alas ! must now give way,
To sordid power's despotic sway ;
A philosophic age refuses
The lighter witchcraft of the muses,
And to its sober balance brings
The eagle fancy, stripped of wings ;
Even love itself is not secure
From the low taint of gold impure !
Such heavenly joys though banished hence,
Still there are sights to charm the sense.

Your favorite moon as lovely shows,
As when she just from ocean rose ;
As when o'er Hasset's edge you bent,
To see the radiant orb's ascent,
On columned rays that seemed to rise,
Slowly majestic up the skies ;
While sloping through th' expanse below,
In azure deep, a splendid show,
The golden shafted base was spread,
Wide o'er the coral's rocky bed,

When timid beauty feared to lave
Her feet amid th' illumined wave,
But, lost in wonder, stood between
Two star-paved skies, a magic scene !
For now her solemn glories throw,
A sheet of silvery light below,
Yet resting on the forest head,
As loth within her beams to shed :
While lit the mountain-summits gray,
Dark woods, impervious to her ray,
Hear the bewildered hunter's call,
Listen the shattered water-fall,
Between the hills while sleeps the night,
Caverned and canopied with light.

Some things besides you will explore,
Your aunt and mother knew before ;
For, Nancy, on a certain morn,
Before a lovely child was born,
'T was whispered softly at the door,
That strangers just had leaped on shore,
With large retinue poor and proud,
To range, to jostle, and to crowd ;
Ambition with a lofty tread,
To trample on the humble head,

And Avarice with his iron hands,
To wrench the stars or grope the sands,
Bold, with a giant arm to smite
Order, and piety, and right,
Now deep on caverned wealth to pry,
And now to crouch, deceive, and lie ;
With base Hypocrisy to prowl
Beneath a mitre, hood, and cowl ;
Corruption, who at council-board,
Would swell his ever selfish hoard ;
And haughty Scorn that loved to sneer
At simple toil and homely cheer ;
And courtly Wit that hunted down
The reverend head and learned gown ;
And Scandal, on whose slimy tongue
Insidious blights and canker hung ;
And many a silky art, the spawn
Of shameless crimes, in cities born ;
Each low device of guilt and shame,
And tongues unlicensed, hither came,
To watch whose various form and guise,
Demands a thousand Argus' eyes.
From foreign climes the charlock blown,
At random scattered, random sown,

Incautious of the plant's deceit,
Thus mingles with the native wheat ;
No thistle of Canadian breed
Bears such a virulence of seed,
Nought of the winged transcurion kind
Takes with such glee the rising wind,
And in what field it chance to drop,
Cankers and thins the native crop.


The parents, timely to provide,
Where household virtues might abide,
Sent out their spies to seek a spot,
Where they might plant the rural cot.

They cross green Chickobee, and file
Where Hosick rears his mountain pile ;
Old Housatonick ford, and skim
Along the wily Mohawk's brim,
Then circle Oneida's lake,
And reach, through many a chasm opaque,
Oswego's sea-washed mouth ; then wedge
Their feet through forests dense of sedge,
Till Genesee with mountain force
Of rushing torrents stop their course,

Where in an Indian bark canoe,
O'er deep Ontario's sea they flew ;
And landing on the Gallic strand,
Turn eastward to survey the land ;
Now a deceptive mirage leads
To oaklands never choaked with weeds,
Till from his spray that clouds the sky,
They knew Niagara's cataract nigh.
Thence devious, further to explore,
They crossed to Seneca's wild shore,
Passed many a spot of rude sublime,
Dazzling to view, and dread to climb,
Passed swamps where hunted moose ne'er
Nor ruthless panther dared to tread,
The moss their compass, and by night
The fir his girdle lit, of white,
Or guideful through the dubious maze,
Resplendent shown the hemlock's blaze,
For severed by the woved-top pines,
The golden sun here never shines ;
And thence emerging, round them shone
Nature, majestic on her throne,
Sitting, a queen to overlook
Mount, lake, plain, wood, and gurgling brook

That all uncrowded, seemed to lay
In young creation's holy-day.
Never, till that hour, had they seen
A tract so various, lively, green,
Combining, yet diffused in place,
Each object, picturesque in grace !

Seated two sloping hills between,
Shone up to heaven a distant scene,
Fenced by imperial firs that shook
Their fragrance o'er each gushing brook,
And, waving, seemed in sport to shake
Their branching shadows on the lake,
That, far as vision's power could reach,
Glittered within a silver beach.
Two arrows from each margin sent,
Met in the midst with forces spent ;
No hand of symmetry might shape
Such grouping miniatures of cape ;
The bottom glowed with radiant gems,
And golden seemed the lily's stems,
The varied pavement, rich of hue,
Grew richer from the water's blue ;
The sister hills no mountain shrouds ;
Below, they seemed to touch the clouds,



Yet when the topmost height you gain,
Th' ascent seemed gentle as a plain,
And as the waving swells you trod,
You marked no spot of arid sod,
No rusts upon the trees declare
The blight of canker lingering there.
The western and the southern gale,
O'er chilly ocean-winds prevail;
Of scented wilds the rich perfume,
Of ripening fruits, and opening bloom,
Not winter, in his rage severe,
Could sternly strip the constant year.

This lovely spot of sweet delight,
Might well their weary hearts invite,
But here the savage hunters place,
The marks and circuit of their chase;
Here would he come at even-tide,
The Indian with his agile bride,
And with untutored voice, at rest,
Pour forth the raptures of his breast;
And bards of higher note might here,
Ascend to an unearthly sphere,
Walk solemn, 'midst a show of things,
In beautiful imaginings.


Here meditation loved to brood,
In her peculiar solitude,
And feel, of melancholy's hour,
The lifting and mysterious power,
Heedless of all that pomp and show,
That glitters and distracts below,
Till high, above the reach of time,
Exalted—open views sublime,
And all things earthly left behind;
Roam wond'ring through the world of mind.
God, such a soft subduing hue,
O'er all the varied landscape threw,
Savage ferocity would melt,
And hide his hatchet in his belt,
When harmonizing with the note,
On which the soft affections float,
While the young mother, o'er her child,
Warbled her music sweetly wild;
And the brown Indian girl would string
Her pearly shells, and gaily sing,
While at her feet the serpent prone,
Lay spell-bound by the charming tone;
For as she warbled through the grove
Untutored melodies of love,

The artless touches, soft and clear,
Captured each animated ear,
Imprisoning every finer sense,
With their enchanting influence.

In vain these scenes our friends admire,
The Indian guards with jealous ire,
From ocean's steepy margin chased,
They feel their ancient sires disgraced,
And hold in gloom their solitude,
With jealous and malignant mood.

Hence turning, northward, high they stood,
Above a wilderness of wood,
On old Wachuset, from whose sides,
Are fed two adverse winding tides ;
Rivers and lakes and specks of plain
Mark Massasoit's profound domain.

Through many a long and tedious day,
Hence stretched their fearful patient way,
In one straight line exactly kept,
Where late the wary savage stepped,
Across the mead and through the dale,
And left his flower-crushed broken trail,




Now sloping where reverted feet
On forest-brambles lately beat,
And where the juice of violets blue
Had edged the limits of the shoe,
Where Hurons with deceptive track,
Turned the pursuing warrior back ;
Along the course of blue Shawshene,
Nashawa and Pantawcket between,
Souhegan cross, then towering high,
Ossipe's mountains meet their eye.

Where social man had never crossed,
A region of eternal frost,
Closed by a wilderness too dense
For foot to penetrate its fence,
Where never eagle from his flight
Of weary wing found space to light,
The White Hills forced them back, and then
Huge Kyasarge salutes their ken ;
At length Ascutney, dimly seen,
Looks o'er the forest-tops of green ;
With joy they shout, for there, 'twas told,
A noble mountain river rolled,
Where pregnant banks and fertile soil
Would well reward an age's toil.

At length at day's decline they reach
The beauteous river's pebbless beach.

The soil was formed of garden mould,
From mountain weedless summits rolled,
Which, as the stream to ocean sank,
Cradled, and then composed its bank;
Forests on forests, heap on heap,
Inhumed, beneath the surface sleep,
In which the latent heat was such,
It stirred at friction's slightest touch;
Soon as the seed awoke the dust,
In crackling joy the foliage burst,
And fruits, without the pruner's care,
Clustered—and fanned the clement air.

And now was found a goodly state,
To which the dames might emigrate,
A land of hills whose gentle slope
Gives the rich vales a broader scope;
Where gushing springs incessant pour,
Through devious tracks, the country o'er;
Far as the power of vision treads,
An interval of meadows spreads,




While intersecting forests shade
The mould nutritious foliage made ;
Ungathered orchards bending lock
The wearied branches round the rock ;
The florid plum recumbent sheds
Its nectar on the violet beds ;
With bowery branches interwine
Delicious clusters of the vine ;
And berries odorous and sweet
Ran purple at their crushing feet ;
Sown by the birds, the corn's rich silk,
Waves in its bland nutritious milk ;
While through the hedging ranks of grass,
The stag exulting leaps a pass
O'er the deep meadows, where to shade
His horns when mountain wolves invade.

The new moon saw the tour begun,
And the full orb, the journey done ;
A tour of one day's length, but then
Unpathed, and unexplored by men.

Ejected from their old abode,
Thither the dames took up the road ;

The pilgrim Hope was pioneer,
And bore a horn to rouse the rear ;
Next Courage came, but undisplayed
The sword till danger stood arrayed,
Swift, to survey the darkest wood,
Strong to repel the torrent-flood,
Keen with the polished axe to hew
A path the tangled forest through ;
Prudence, her station on the flanks,
O'erlooked the baggage and the ranks ;
Temperance her standard waved on high,
And sage Frugality was nigh ;
Imbosomed in the centre move
Decorum and parental Love ;
Warm filial Piety and Zeal
Together watch the public weal ;
While o'er the moving multitude
Came Patience joined to Fortitude.

All, while the morning yet was dim,
Poured forth the heart-devoted hymn ;
And when they kneeled to evening prayer,
The God of Heaven was present there ;
All felt the altar's heavenly fire
A firm religious trust inspire.




And now the birds, that on the wing
Wildly flew round them caroling,
Or dashing up the bank, awake
The sluggard pheasant from his brake,
Calling from every bush and spray,
Companions to their roundelay ;
The lark that twittered all unseen
Ere he sailed earth and heaven between,
The robin from the cherry tree,
That whistled in shrill melody,
And every timid wing would stoop
To scrutinize and the know group,
And seemed, as though they aimed to lure
The pilgrims through the dense obscure,
Where yet had no domestic plume
Streaked with gray tints the forest gloom,
Where eagles, jays, and crows possess
The empire seat of wilderness !

Then on to where, with summits brown,
Monadnock's Alpine ridges frown,
Whence the broad landscape, hazed and dim,
With indistinctness seems to swim ;
Old forest-pine here densely weaves
A darksome canopy of leaves,

Through which, though rare, they yet descry
At window-nooks the clear blue sky,
While oft around, an age's heap,
The trees in awful silence sleep,
As though the forest oaks were cast
On desolation by a blast,
To show how wide extends the crush,
When king trees on each other rush !

Without a path, at length they reach
The charming river's sloping beach,
Along its rich romantic bend,
With lightened hearts their steps extend ;
In ecstasy the younger group,
Awake the echoes with their whoop ;
The female train, in joyful tears,
Dismiss their load of doubt and fears ;
The wary matrons wave the hand
In reference o'er the promised land.

And now the rapid river passed,
The lines are drawn, the lots are cast,
Th' apportioned meadow, hill, and plain,
For homestead, pasture, wood, and grain ;



Brief is the time for soft repose,
The busy day with fervor glows,
Nor age, nor sex, nor youth can waste
The precious hour where all is haste ;
The frequent stroke has prostrate laid
The lofty pine and cleared the glade ;
The birds who left their morning rest,
At noon deplore their ravished nest ;
The wild bees humming from their combs
Departing seek for other homes ;
Silenced the rabid wolf retires,
Scared by the nightly blazing fires,
From massive trunks which, piled on high,
With wreathed smokes obscure the sky ;
The laboring teams, a lengthened train,
Tear up the roots and clear the plain ;
The generous ox, with shortened rest,
In haste 'midst stumps is cheered, and prest ;
Through smoking trees and ashes gray,
He picks, with patient care, his way ;
No thirst-allaying brook he heeds,
No giant root his course impedes
A wilderness of solitude,
By his imperial strength subdued,

He seems, like man himself, to know
For him the future crop shall grow.

And now aloft the mountain sound
Of busy axes dances round ;
Old forests slide adown the hill,
The idle stream revolves the mill,
The springs that ebbd the earth beneath,
From caverned wells are called to breathe ;
The logs are piled, the roof is bent,
The matron quits her rushy tent ;
The wondering kine admire the rack,
From woods, that lures their footsteps back ;
The sharpened stake, the splinty rail,
Divide and fence their pasture vale ;
While the resistless plough explores,
Nature's rich, deep, prolific stores ;
Meantime the female hands prepare,
Proud of their skill, each household care :
The wheels round whiz, the spindles hum,
With songs that tell of days to come,
Spread through the hut from morn to night,
A busy scene of sweet delight.

Thus fervid, ere the wood-born child,
Can chase the hoop, or skim the wild,



Through peopled streets the domes extend,
The globe-crowned village spires ascend,
And distant forests catch the swell
Of airs, that strikes the school-house bell ;
There orchards in luxuriant prime,
Shelter redundant vines that climb ;
Here gardens, hedged with firs, enclose,
Each flower that in the forest blows,
Now ravished from the secret gloom,
To spread its animating bloom ;
And every plant of beauty rare,
With fragrance that delayed the air,
With tasteful elegance, here lent
That lustre of embellishment,
Which woman's touching hand, with grace,
Alone could on a desert trace ;
While Plenty, liberal of her hand,
Spreads comfort through the happy land.

Such were the labors they endured ;
Such were the blessings they secured ;
Thus all the good of life is gained ;
And thus by energy sustained ;
Where the firm mind is balanced right,
Pain changes to supreme delight.


Their morals pure, religion clear,
What was their intellectual fear ?
Not doubting, nor perplexed, they took,
Their rules from nature's simple book,
Neither to comment nor refine,
But to confirm the truth divine ;
For though obscured by human art,
God writes his law on every heart ;
Why should they, simple men, contend,
For points which scholars never end ?
For though retiring from the field,
No vanquished to the victors yield,
But from corrosive dews incrust
Their breastplates with exclusive rust.

Dear Nancy, this improving age
Has softened life in every stage,
Yet may the change—its newness gone,
Incite regret, provoke your scorn,
But soon shall wisdom reassume
Her empire, and restore your bloom.

What though no crowded rooms appear
At eve with burnished chandelier ;

Nor Persia from her silken store,
Paint for your tread the spacious floor ;
What though, your folding doors within,
No crowds of gazing beauties spin,
Nor beaux and belles, a merry train,
The lovely arts of dress explain ;
No favorite in the world's applause,
To you the imps of fashion draws ;
No courtly matrons condescend
To eat your cake and call you friend ?
What though no rival wits appeal
To your vast wisdom, and conceal
The secret that they never own,
What slight regard to yours is shown ?
What though no thousand different ways
Floats round the fragrant breath of praise,
The grateful dews that touch the breast,
Though not by vanity possessed,
From him, who would a patron seek,
From her, who would be seen to speak,
From those who only smiled to find
What ruffled, what impressed your mind,
And tried each scheme with subtlest art,
To sound, or vex, or melt your heart,

Or whom your candor had inspired
As one whom all the belles admired ?—
Nature and art, both hand in hand,
In a new world the soul expand.
All things improve, comes not a sight,
To chill imagination's flight,
O'er the vast scene that fills the eye,
And spreads in long futurity ;
Dull melancholy finds not here
Old relics that demand a tear,
No broken column, empty vase,
Vain trophies of a former race,
And whence prolific fiction's pen,
Calls us to sympathize with men
Whose joys and sorrows, all unknown,
Were like our father's or our own ;
But scenes and objects fresh though wild,
All full of laughter sweet and mild,
Or Alpine cliffs that lift on high
The tone of magnanimity,
And give the soul its fill of pleasure,
Drawn from nature's long hid treasure,
Hidden among hills and mountains,
Thoughtful groves and stirring fountains,



Where, while other worlds were wasted,
Innocence her comfort tasted ;
Far from every baby trick,
With which the elder world was thick,
Of dolls and card processions, led
By harlequins of blue and red ;
Far from all the city rabble,
Artful aim and courtly gabble,
Whom appearances imbit,
And onward lash with teasing wit,
The thousand, who would die, than not
In the dusty pageant trot.

Thus, in the fair exchange, you find,
A boundless region for your mind,
And feel, to be completely blest
Is to enjoy what is possest,
While pleasures, ever waiting, light
Upon those bosoms that invite ;
Created for some duty here,
Preluding to an higher sphere,
Well to perform, or mean or great,
Is title to an happier state.
Heaven scatters on mankind its tasks,
Nor will, nor choice, descending asks ;

Where'er the lot, of mind, or sense,
May chance to fall, the duty thence
Is to fulfil, with every power,
The business of the mortal hour ;
And satisfaction must attend,
On every well accomplished end.

Whether good Providence design
Your late removal to the Line,
On Alleghany's rocky side
Spread for your couch a bison's hide,
Or more luxurious bed of down,
Amid some rich and courtly town,—
If such the temper of the fair,
Nought can her happiness impair !

END.











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